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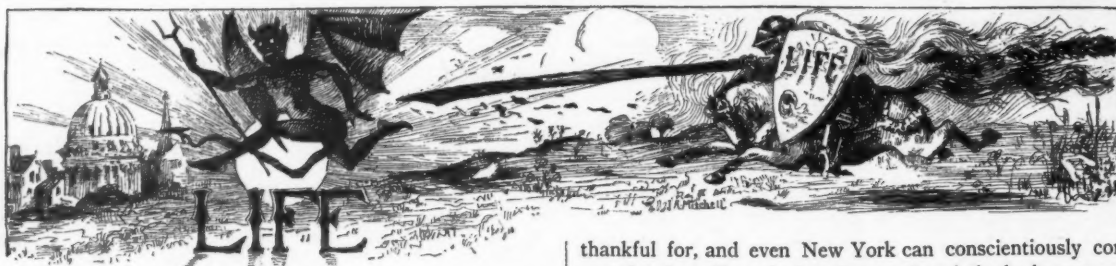
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UNCLE SAM'S THANKSGIVING.

FOR WHAT LITTLE WE HAVE LET US BE THANKFUL.



VOL. VI. NOVEMBER 26TH, 1885. NO. 152.

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THE proclamation of President Cleveland may be regarded as unimpeachable evidence that the citizens of these United States ought to be thankful for blessings received.

The cold, calculating cynic, who loves to ask embarrassing questions, doubtless enquires wherefore such effusiveness on the part of our chief magistrate, not seeing, as do others more happily constituted, in just what direction these blessings lie.

The frigid Mr. Ira Davenport, for instance, demands of Mr. Hill where his blessings come in, only to receive the reply that they have been temporarily mislaid, and that he ought to be thankful anyhow.

The offensive partisan can't find any solid basis on which to lay the foundation of his thanks, and the whole Republican party is in such a mood that we may expect to hear of its crossing Thanksgiving Day from its patronage list, and, in the true line of Civil Service Reform, promoting Fault-Finding Day to the vacancy. This may be regarded, without any stretch of the imagination, as a pet scheme of the *Tribune's*.

But disappointed politicians, New York *Tribunes*, and even sterling Jeffersonian Democrats, who wax tearful over the prevalence of the Mugwump, are fortunately not to be regarded as the leaders of sentimental fashion; and the man who feels himself cursed to-day, as compared with those who feel themselves blessed, is as one to ten thousand.

UNCLE SAM, despite the fact that his navy is little less substantial and efficient than a transatlantic dory, is nevertheless thankful that this is left him by the gentlemen who have spent their best energies fitting out a superb set of wrecks with repairs enough to sink them in a heavy sea.

Boston is happy over the notion that the possible loss of her position as literary centre of the Universe will be compensated by the leadership in the ranks of Pugilism and Yachting, while the always comforting glory of the Native Bean remains undiminished.

Chicago sings pæans of joy over a perceptible increase in her Culture, Mortgage Enterprise and Pork Crop.

Other cities, however unblessed, have something to be

thankful for, and even New York can conscientiously congratulate herself on the fact that on the whole she is no worse off politically, socially or morally than she was a year ago.

IT is a mistaken notion that all land-grabbers are in some way connected with the National Government.

A local celebrity can enjoy the sovereignty of the squatter, just as comfortably as a Presidential Candidate and his friends.

For instance, the prospected grabbing of Fifth Avenue by a soulless railway corporation.

The only avenue we have worthy of the name is at the mercy of our legislators, a majority of whom have received their ideas of government from the hard experience of the management of a country grocery.

And the best efforts of the country grocer are put forth to fill his own till.

The old question, proving that history repeats itself, once more arises. What are we going to do about it!

The answer seems to be in the honored chestnut: Turn the rascals out.

THE only other solution of the difficulty seems to us to be in the suggestion of our centre cartoon. The deep English dye, which at present permeates our snobocracy, calls for a compromise of the nature therein suggested.

According to our artist's view of the case, tracks may be laid in the avenue as a sop to the monopolists; stages may be run thereon to please the residents, and the British plating of the American dude can be kept free from the rust of chagrin by the Anglicising of the body of the coach.

Society leaders need feel no blush mantling their aristocratic cheek when paying their fares in dollars and cents; the three feather emblem of that "deah boy" Wales can float free and untrammelled over the blue-blooded wayfarers below, and the plebeian register on which each traveler must be registered may be supplanted by a blast from a tally-ho horn for a 2s. 6d. fare.

There is one more phase of this matter which will prove of inestimable benefit to the country at large.

Our impecunious gentleman riders and drivers will find their social position untarnished by their acceptance of light employment as gentleman brakemen and fare collectors.

OUR esteemed colored contemporary, *Puck*, accuses us of indecency.

Well, perhaps we are guilty, and this shall be a lesson to us never again to reproduce one of *Puck's* cuts.

We thought we had chosen one of the least objectionable, but the best of us sometimes err.



COLD FICTION.

Hubby: SURELY YOU ARE NOT COLD MY DEAR?

She: NOT IN THE LEAST, BUT THESE MODERN NOVELS ARE SO FRIGHTFULLY FRIGID I AM TRYING TO KEEP MY IMAGINATION WARM BY ARTIFICIAL MEANS.

“UNCLEAN! UNCLEAN!”

THROW away your cigarettes; put out your pipes, ye wicked smokers. Meta Lander, author of “The Broken Bud,” “Light on the Dark River,” etc., has, in her latest work, “The Tobacco Problem,” shown you up in your true light. Meta, despite the fact that the title of her second work, might hold out some encouragement to those who lack a match, desires that “railroad directors should label certain cars ‘For the Unclean,’ and then prohibit smoker or chewer from entering any other.” Meta is wrong in imagining that the directors of railroads could, by any possibility, call a spade a spade. Are not all waiting-rooms for men called “Gentlemen’s rooms” or “Gents’ rooms,” and all rooms for women “Ladies’ rooms?” Labeling a smoking-car “For the Unclean” would have the effect of keeping out of it all the really unclean who could read, so that the car would be a delightful place for the conspicuously clean smokers. We wonder whether Meta desires the peanut and orange eaters in separate cars from the clean?

ST. LOUIS fashions are now set by the suspected murderer, Maxwell.

We trust, for the sake of the St. Louis youth, that the exigencies of justice will not require Mr. Maxwell to wear a hempen collar.

THE friends of Jeffersonian simplicity have additional evidence of the President’s hostility to their cause.

It has just leaked out that Mr. Cleveland puts on a clean collar every day.

JOHN HENRY GRIMES, of San Francisco, has four perfectly developed and serviceable ears.

How Marc Antony, the original quoter of Shakespeare’s “Lend me Your Ears,” would have rejoiced in John Henry Grimes.

THE Hub is to have a crematory. If it be found that Bostonians are too cold to cremate, it will be turned into a bean bakery.



"THE NORTH WIND DOTTH BLOW."

NOW the mercury doth fall
Ten degrees,
And the birdlets one and all
'Gin to sneeze;
As they flit about and flutter
To the South from summer shutter
Or their galvanized gutter
Lest they freeze.

Now the very latest styles
All are set,
In our collars, cuffs and tiles,
And we get
Growing daft with social pleasure
To the bottom of our treasure
And we can't begin to measure
Up our debt.

Now we don our winter coats
Growing numb,
To a tickling in our throats
We succumb;
And we all, howe'er so humble,
Into bed do quickly tumble
As we shiver and we grumble
WINTER'S COME.

THE only thing that keeps New York newspapers above water is the occasional insertion of some choice morsel of scandal, which never fails to declare an extra ten per cent. dividend.

GLORIOUS Britain, the Empire upon which the sun never sets, is now waging a bitter war with Burmah, a nation which points with pride to an average of two-thirds of an inhabitant to ten square miles.

HON. WILL CUMBACK of Indiana has entered the lecture field.

If he succeeds, he expects to change his name to Hon. Wont Cumback.

O'DONOVAN ROSSA is seeking a place in the Custom House.

If they cannot make O'Donovan a Weigher, he should be made Inspector of Bombs.

Under a Democratic Administration he will find plenty to do in this capacity.

"OH where are the girls of the past," sings a poet. Well, if statistics are reliable, there are a good many old girls around Boston.

THERE is a monstrosity in Shenandoah County, Virginia, which is half monkey and half calf.

The half calf portion is the envy of all the bookbinders in the South.

THEY are having trouble in Venice about the water supply.

These foreign cities never know when they have enough. Might as well kick up a row in New York, because of the scarcity of dirt in our streets.

A NEWSPAPER named *Death* has been started in Pennsylvania, which is devoted to suicide and murder.

For a howling success in its suicidal tendencies, we recommend it to exclude sensational and scandalous paragraphs from its columns.

SAM JONES says that he wouldn't wipe his feet on a pugilist. Probably not. He would very likely object to letting a pugilist black his eyes too.



THE LIFE OF AN AMERICAN JOURNALIST.

THIS is a season of notable American biographies. The lives of Garrison and Agassiz are among the very best examples of this form of literature; the former being as valuable a contribution to history as it is an affectionate, yet judicial unfolding of the great agitator's life; the latter being

an epitome of the formative period of American science, though its subject was foreign born. To these will be added, in the next few months, Longfellow's biography by his brother, and Hawthorne's by Lowell.

IN this worthy group may fittingly be classed the painstaking, sympathetic and impartial study of another typical American career—"The Life and Times of Samuel Bowles," by George S. Merriam. Here, perhaps for the first time, is minutely detailed the tedious wearing, exacting and unrelenting labors of an American journalist. We have had lives of

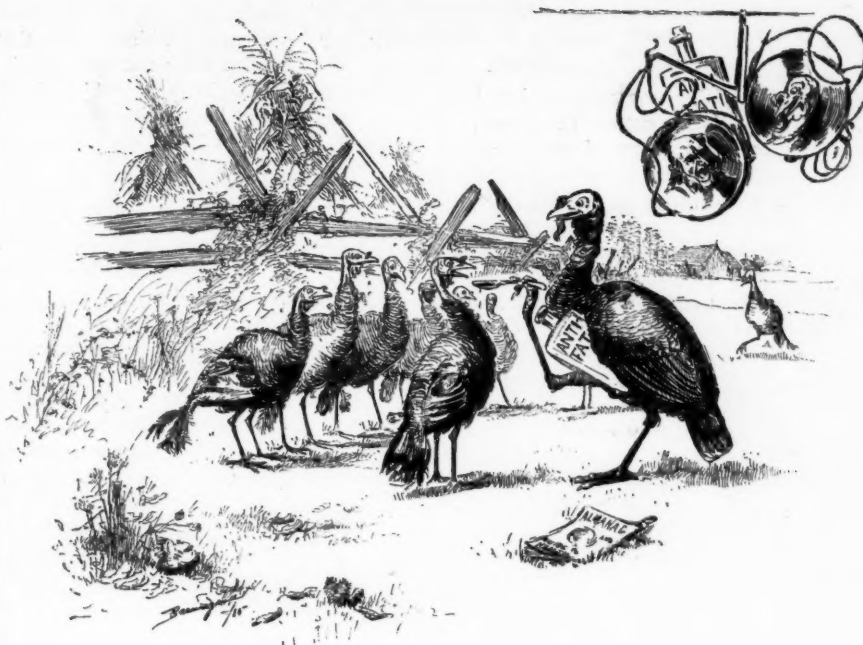
A NEW EXPERIENCE.

MAGISTRATE (to witness): Now, bear in mind, Uncle Rastus, that you have sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth.

Uncle Rastus (somewhat frustrated): Y-yes, sah, but I h-hopes de gemmen 'll go kinder slo' on de sta't, sah, cos yo' sees, yo' honah, I hain't yuse ter dat sort o' thing.

A PUBLISHING house has in press a collection of campaign editorials from the Cincinnati dailies. The book is designed for use in female seminaries.

It is rumored that a Brooklyn editor wants to rent Westminster Abbey and bring it to America as a cheap lodging-house for our dead celebrities.



THE MARCH OF SCIENCE.

RESULT OF OVER-EDUCATION IN ANIMALS.

Greeley, Raymond and a few lesser lights, but they have dwelt more on the glory than the dust of journalism.

Actual experience in that calling teaches that it is ninety-nine parts dust to one of glory. Mr. Merriam has not concealed this fact. He summarizes in a few lines the secret of a successful editor when he says: "In a broad way, it was because the proof-room, the press-room, the counting-room, as well as the sanctum, all felt the ceaseless vigilance, the unrelenting energy of that one man, that the paper became what it was."

* * *

"WHEN my friends point out that I am working toward a breakdown," says Sam Bowles, himself, "they seem to think that is to influence my action. Not at all! I have got the lines drawn, the current flowing, and by throwing my weight here now I can count for something." That philosophy does not produce the happiest lives or the greatest contentment, but somehow it does score a furrow on this little planet from which spring fruit-bearing trees.

Dr. Holland said of Sam Bowles: "His strongest passion was the love of power." But back of this ambitious, restless, imperious and often bitter man we are shown in his private letters a most affectionate husband and father, with deep and tender sentiments, a loyal friend, and firm believer in man and something higher. (The Century Company, publishers.)

IN Mr. Howells's farce, "The Garroters," which adorns with grace and wit the Christmas number of *Harper's*, many of our old friends of "The Elevator" re-appear. There is real roaring fun in this farce, notwithstanding the delicate finish which one always finds in this writer's work.

It is true that *Mrs. Roberts* is a precious little goose. There are severe feminine readers of Mr. Howells who believe that most of the women of his fancy are of that pattern.

Well, Howells is a close student of human nature. At any rate, a precious little goose is a more pleasing character than the usual iceberg of the Boston novel.

* * *

THERE are 832 double-column octavo pages of clean fun, enjoyment and instruction in the bound volumes of *Harper's Young People* for 1885. It contains Kirk Munroe's "Wakulla" and W. O. Stoddard's "Two Arrows," both excellent serial stories, many of Howard Pyle's amusing fancies, in which his pen and pencil both find play, a number of "Jimmy Brown's" laughable experiences, and short sketches without number.

Any child who reads *Harper's Young People* will grow up so good and intelligent that he will subscribe for *LIFE*. We unselfishly commend this periodical.

Droch.

AN ANCIENT WAR STEED—*Hors du combat.*

The following lines by a well-known Bostonian touch upon the other side of a question recently mooted in our columns.—ED. LIFE.

THE BOSTONESE.

COME, pour away your clotted ink,
 You do not seem to please;
 Deep, deep the cup of sorrow drink,
 Ye scribbling Bostonese.
 The critic, with his flashing knife,
 Your novels seem to freeze,
 The savage "Droch," who writes for LIFE,
 And stabs all Bostonese.
 Had you but writ about the West,
 Of rowdies and Chinese,
 Or of a southern mountain crest,
 Or Creoles, Bostonese,
 Or had you ever used a plot
 To fascinate or tease,
 You might have been what you are not,
 Successful Bostonese.
 You'd not a higher fame refuse;
 Then gain it with great ease,
 And always write your own reviews.
 Be foxy, Bostonese.

OLD NEW YORK.

A HISTORY OF MANHATTAN ISLAND—DUTCH, ENGLISH,
 AMERICAN AND RESTORATION OF THE
 ENGLISH IN 1880.

CHAPTER III.

DISCOVERIES OF MANHATTAN ISLAND BY VERRAZANO
 AND GOMEZ.



HE fashionable pastime of European explorers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries seems to have consisted in discovering Manhattan Island and the Hudson River.

In the number of its discoverers the present site of New York City can be rivalled only by the birthplaces of

Homer; the latter with this point of advantage: Homer still continues his profligate career in the matter of birth, and indulges in a new location at least once a year, while New York has long since ceased to be a basis of renown for explorers.

We have neither time nor inclination, however, to discuss any but the more important of these events.

Apparently the first, and one fraught with important

results, was that of Verrazano, an Italian adventurer, who was seized with the idea that across the dark American continent lay not only a path to fame, but a short cut to India. With this object in view he set sail in 1524, and before he had entirely recovered from the convivial parting with his friends he found himself running head first into the Hudson River.

Had he been consulted, the river would no doubt have been known to-day as the Rio Verrazano, but not knowing our language, it was impossible for him to express his desires on the subject, and his opportunity to render his name immortal was forever lost.

He doubtless found the Central Park region malarious, for history does not record that he staid in the city more than half an hour. This may likewise be due to the fact that he feared lest his long, flowing locks should prove too tempting a bait for the primeval braves, who used every inducement to get him on shore, even offering him a life insurance policy if he would come—all of which Verrazano declined.

On his return to Italy, he reported that the owners of the Island were amiable people, who undressed well and did not understand the art of war, due, no doubt, to the lack of an Irish element in the population.

Their lack of a navy Verrazano regarded as evidence of an advanced stage of American civilization, and it is but additional proof that history repeats itself.

The explorer did not lecture in New York, but immediately on his arrival at home wrote up his reminiscences of America, amplifying his half hour here into a large quarto volume, no copies of which are extant to-day.

This is a great loss to that class of reminiscent literature with which our English cousins, holding the convex or concave mirror, as the whim strikes, up to American nature, still continue to delight the world.

The next foreigner to arrive—not to mention an occasional visitor from the regions of Plymouth Rock, who never failed to condemn all he saw in Manhattan as utterly devoid of culture—was Mr. Estevan Gomez, of the Portuguese branch of the Jones family, who was blown into New York Harbor in 1525, while trying to enter the Bay of Biscay.

It is remarkable to observe with what frequency these ancient mariners would set sail for one hemisphere and run point blank into another, making heroes and discoverers of themselves by sheer force of adverse winds. A knowledge of the actual fact that this vast American continent was practically thrown at its discoverers destroys much of the veneration with which we, as a rule, were wont to regard such men as Christopher Columbus, Amerigo Vespucci, and others of local fame.

Gomez, who was a much more practical man and less of a theorist than Verrazano, drew up a chart of the land thrust thus beneath his notice, which was more highly esteemed abroad than Verrazano's exhausting and exhaustive treatises on the subject.

With rare skill in Mapography, and with great consideration for the inhabitants of that region, Gomez placed Harlem within five minutes' walk of Greenwood Cemetery, and located



GOMEZ CONSTRUCTING A MAP.

Blackwell's Island at the corner of Broadway and Fourteenth street. It is a pity that succeeding generations should have seen fit to change Gomez's Topographical arrangement, as both the above locations would have possessed superior advantages.

Beside christening the Hudson after himself, Gomez did little else than take a friendly glass with the Indians, and steal all their household goods before sailing home, where he was lost sight of shortly after.

After this the extant registers of Manhattan Hotels record no distinguished arrivals, other than that of the aforementioned Massachusetts man, for some ninety years.

Concerning these occasional visits from their Plymouth

Rock neighbor, the Manhattanese have left us very little to record, save that he became less and less of an object of awe as time went on, and the natives got used to his peculiarities. Indeed, they finally became so familiar as to criticise the broad and very English accent of his whoop of welcome, and ridicule his appearance and political methods. He was an occasional contributor to the miscellaneous literature of the period, and was altogether characterized by that advanced stage of decomposed humor for which his descendants are noted to-day.

Next came Hendrick Hudson, of whom it may be said that as he laughs best who laughs last, so he discovered best who discovered last.

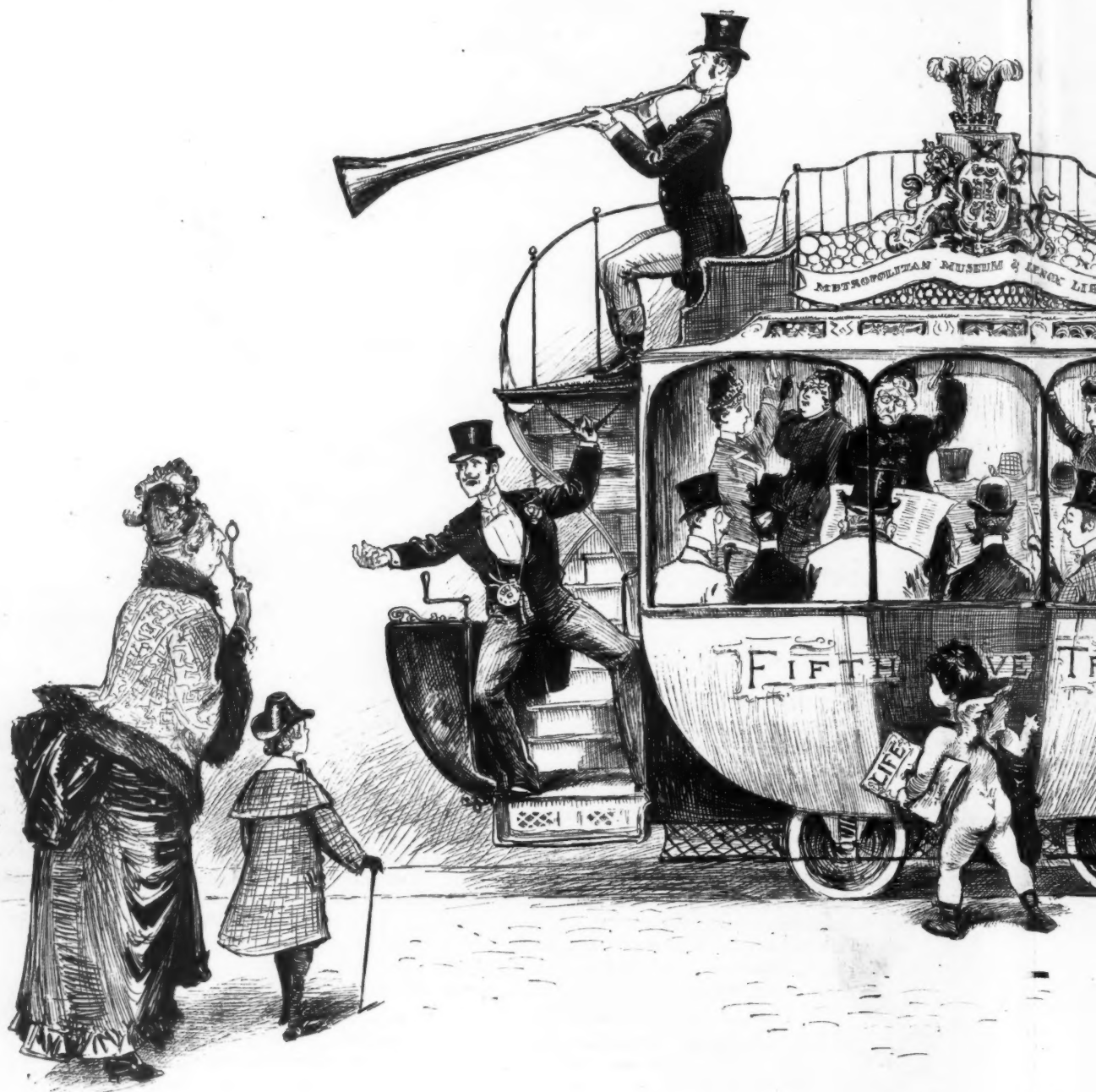
THE LATEST QUOTATION.

NOT many Sundays ago a well-known Wall Street man went to church (as his roadster had gone lame), and with his wife and family occupied a pew on the middle aisle, not many seats from the front. He was somewhat tired and the peaceful air of the sanctuary had such a soothing effect upon his nervous system that as soon as the sermon began he quietly dozed off. He took his little nap in a very

unobtrusive manner, and meanwhile dreamed of his heavy operations in Oregon Trans.

"My brethren," thundered the preacher, working up to a climax. "Did they not cry as with one voice, St. Paul! St. Paul!" and the suddenly awakened broker jumped excitedly to his feet, and bid 96 for a thousand shares. For once in his life it could be said of him—"he was a prominent man in his church."

Carlsbad.



THE PROBLEM SO

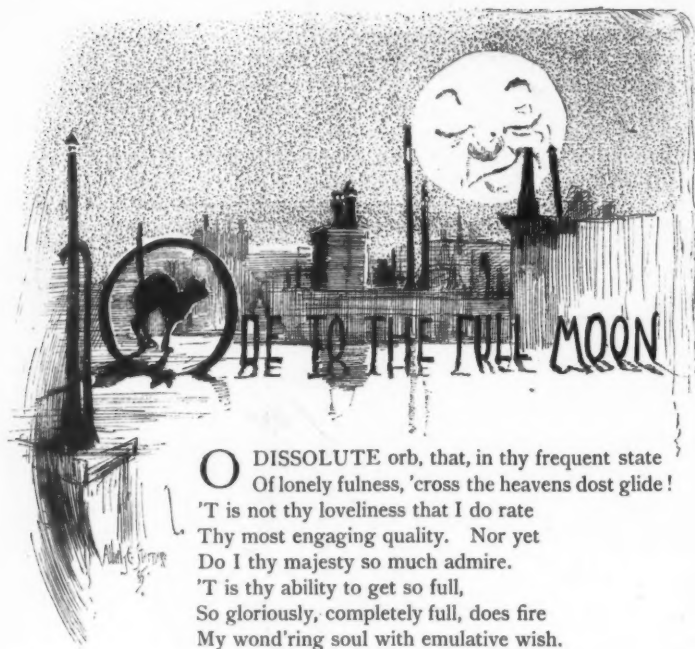
COMPROMISE BETWEEN A GRASPING MONOPOLY AND

IFE .



BLEM SOLVED.

ONOPOLY AND OUR "VERY BEST PEOPLE."



O reveller celestial! Dost thou e'er
For boon companions long, and weary
grow
Of lonely state, when on thy monthly
tear?
Dost ever tip, 'cross heaven's spaces wide,
To moons of Jupiter, convivial wink
And ask their company? Of Saturn's
crew,
With envious longing, dost thou ever think?
Alas, thy fate! Though full, thou art
forlorn.

And still, thou type of crapulence, thy lot
Has many compensations. Into quod,
Thou fearless roysterer, thou 'lt ne'er be
brought,
Though out all night in state called glo-
rious.
I envy thee. However full, next morn
Will always see thee with a waning head
And ne'er at loss to get another horn,
For, never broke, thou'st e'er a quarter
left!

Allen Kelly.



WHEN the youthful but ambitious school-boy, with a few dexterous strokes of his slate pencil, produces a figure which he is anxious to show to his playfellows, and writes underneath it, "This is a horse," no one resents the explanation. The drawing might have been designed for a donkey, a sofa or a street car.

But when maturity settles upon the school-boy and his juvenile friends have been fused into that weird agglomeration known as the public, let him think twice before he gives them anything requiring a preface. Let him never dare to assume that he is wiser than they are, or he will be kicked for his audacity.

Yet Mr. Bronson Howard, who has been delighting American audiences for years, brings out his play, "One of Our Girls," at the Lyceum Theatre, with nearly two hundred words of explanation on the programme.

He assures his friends that what they are about to see is true; he insists that "the American girl in French society is invariably misunderstood," and he suggests that when the ladies and gentlemen leave the theatre they shall refer to the

recognized standard authority on the code of France, written by the Countess de Bassanville.

When I leave a theatre I like to think about what I have seen, and reconcile it if possible to every-day life. I want no codes, no dictionaries, no references. A Welsh rarebit and a bottle of Bass are all that is necessary. Other people have similar desires. Perhaps they prefer oysters.

"One of Our Girls" in reality needs no explanation. The first act is devoted with almost awkward persistency to setting forth the differences existing between a French and an American girl. *Kate Shipley* of New York, and *Julie* of Paris indulge in a mutual catechism for the benefit of the audience, at the end of which time everyone present is, if he keeps his ears open, as a god knowing good and evil.

After the first act, Mr. Howard's play is as entertaining as he could possibly have wished it to be. The dialogue abounds with wit and humor, and the situations are sufficiently enlivening to rivet attention. Mr. Howard is an intense believer in the efficacy of a duel, and in "One of Our Girls" has again introduced that exhilarating pastime to the public.

There is a very slight plot, everything and everyone being designed to show how an American girl fares amid Parisian surroundings. But *Kate Shipley*, though charming, is a caricature. The dainty American girls of Fifth Avenue are no more accustomed to talk of the fluctuations of New York Central stock than they are to exclaim "Gosh!" and "Betcher!"

The trials and tribulations of the French girl are singularly true to life. Any one who has lived in Paris for any length of time, will see that Mr. Bronson Howard's study

TERSE TELEGRAMS.

THE Sultan finds his plans thwarted and reversed by cablegrams to the American papers.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN is preparing a withering critique of a new story by the angel Israfel.

THE business men of Mexico ascribe the dull times to the recent lack of revolutions.

THE Peruvian revolutionists, having gotten the upper hand, would like to dispose of it for a trifling consideration, either in money or provisions.

JOAQUIN MILLER is said to be cultivating a club-foot, in imitation of Lord Byron.

THE display of brass by Gilmore's band created the wildest enthusiasm at the St. Louis Exposition.

GEN. CROOK seems to be a terrible fellow on Indian tracks.

EUROPEAN Turkey is a self-carving bird.

THE latest argument in favor of cremation is that it would greatly lessen the chance of burying people alive. The superior beneficence of burning them alive is obvious to a blind mule.

LOOKING INTO THE FUTURE.

"MAMMA," said Young Bobby, with a thoughtful air, "what did you mean by telling papa that I had outgrown my slippers?"

"I meant you are getting too big for them, Bobby."

"Well, then," went on Bobby, "how long will it be before I outgrow your slippers?"



ONE EDITOR BEING OUT, OUR MANAGER BEING DITTO, BOY NUMBER ONE BEING OUT, BOY NUMBER TWO BEING DITTO, A FRIEND COMING IN REPLETE AND REDOLENT (LUNCH AND TOBACCO), HE AGREES TO KINDLY MIND THE OFFICE WHILE WE SALLY FORTH TO APPEASE OUR OWN CRAVINGS FOR A NOON-TIDE MITAGESSEN.

THIS IS THE FRIEND, NOW REALIZING HIS TRUE POSITION AND BARRICADING IT, AND GETTING DOWN THE MOST EFFECTIVE FORMS OF OUR BRIC-A-BRAC AND COOLLY AWAITING EVENTS.

has been remarkably deep. *Julie* is the typical Parisienne of the Faubourg St. Germain.

Miss Helen Dauvray impersonated the American heroine and was delightfully vivacious. Miss Enid Leslie as *Julie* failed in the pathetic portions of her rôle. Mr. J. W. Pigott as the *Duc de Fouche-Fonblanque* amused his audience throughout, while Mr. E. H. Sothern as the gallant captain of the Tenth Lancers did the same in a lesser degree. "One of Our Girls" is not drawing large audiences.

* * *

THE faces and forms at the Casino, where "Amorita," Czibulka's new operetta, was produced last Monday, were pretty as to the former, and shapely as to the latter.

The bald-headed occupants of the first two rows of the orchestra had nothing to complain of in that direction. The operetta itself is admirably mounted, but the libretto and music are not to be compared with the humor and harmony of "Nanon." Pauline Hall, Madeline Lucette, and Mrs. Victoria Schelling, *née* Morosini, were the female interpreters of "Amorita," while Frank Celli, whose voice is not nearly as good as that of his brother, W. T. Carleton; Frank Wilson and the Messrs. Klein, Standish and Fitzgerald, represented the sterner sex.

Alan Dale.

"It's a cold day when we get left" will hardly be applicable to the Day of Judgment.

ADVANCE SHEETS OF THE WHIRLED'S FORTHCOMING GALAXY OF CELEBRITIES.



GROVER CLEVELAND.



LORD TENNYSON.



EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA.



MARY ANDERSON.



THE MIKADO OF JAPAN.

THE DAY WE CELEBRATE.

ABOUT this time some bold, bad iconoclast of a newspaper man, cuts short his three-column account of a triple hanging or a peculiarly interesting parricide, to make room for the observation that Thanksgiving Day is a hollow mockery and a delusion. With a gentle sigh of editorial regret, he drops a tear over the degeneracy of the sons who devote that day to fleshly pursuits and godless enjoyment, which the fathers dedicated to fasting and prayer. And having insinuated that the nation is morally culpable in perpetuating the observance, he pigeon-holes the subject until next year and turns to the more congenial discussion of the latest black-mailing scandal.

This is wrong. The crying need of to-day is the creation of more Thanksgiving Days in the year—not the abolition of the one handed down from the days of the Mayflower and the Plymouth Rock. A monthly Thanksgiving Day is the great desideratum of the age. It is not difficult to cram into the established holiday one year's accumulation of gratitude for such minor blessings as health, peace and plenty. By working hard in the morning, we can square things with Providence on this score and still have an hour left for the traditional bird and the family circle. The President's proclamation is always a model of terse devoutness, and fits the old-time idea of Thanksgiving like the paper on the wall. But the world has out-grown all that, and what the sixty million of people of this land demand to-day is a periodic Thanksgiving set apart for returning thanks for the real boons and blessings of this life—a few of which are appended for the behoof of the thoughtful.

1. That the Great International Yacht Race has settled so conclusively, and beyond all peradventure, the ability of the *Puritan* to out-sail, out-point, out-weather, and out-everything the *Genesta*, under any and all circumstances. In this connection are added little blessings—blessingettes, so to speak—that: (a) the Race can't occur again until after the January thaw at soonest; and (b) that the country at large has learned the meaning and uses of a spinnaker-boom. The advantages of this knowledge is a blessing immeasurable as it is obvious.

2. Our climate as a national defense. For what invading hordes could survive our customary meteorological capers,

before which such a tough old campaigner as the Obelisk has weakened?

3. The growing popularity of dynamite as an adjunct to the Fine Arts—as witness its recent application to sculpture, in the case of the late André monument.

4. That John L. Sluggervan of Boston has not made himself manifest recently. Thanksgiving on this score may be tempered by the fear, lest such quiescence is but too temporary.

Incomplete as this hurried enumeration of our major blessings is, enough has been set forth to convince the searcher after truth, that one poor lonely Thanksgiving Day is utterly disproportionate to the torrent of our bubbling and effervescent gratitude; and the first duty of the approaching congress is self-evident and imperative.

Ovell.

A SWELL AFFAIR—The soap bubble.

A LIFE WORTH LIVING—The one at — but modesty forbids.



FASHION NOTE.

Australian Exchange.

THE LATEST THING IN COLLARS FOR BANK CASHIERS.



HE GOT A JOB.

"SO you want a position on the staff of our blanket sheet, do you?" inquired the managing editor of a new man from the country.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, how are you on the spread?"

"Spread? Gosh, that's just my holt. When Widow Thompson's hen-house burned last winter I reported it for the *Weekly Palladium*. Had four columns of description, two columns of notes and a wood-cut diagram showing all the tracks made in the snow by the escaping chickens."

"Good. You're engaged, sir."—*Chicago Herald*.

"I WAS afraid that the new rule that the base-ball players should not receive more than \$2,000 salary would have a depressing effect," remarked McSwilligen.

"What effect have you noticed?" asked Podsnap.

"Why, the president of Yale college has resigned."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle*.

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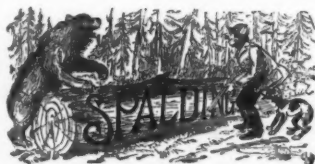
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